

Colors

by Tortelliniti

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Summary: While talking about colors, Hinata accidentally admits to the whole team that his favorite color is that of Kageyama's eyes. What he doesn't expect is for Kageyama to react by blushing and refusing to say what his own favorite is... Or the surprise that ends up in his locker soon thereafter. Light-hearted fluff, rated T for minor cursing. Written for Kagehina Week.

Colors

Day 1 of Kagehina Week is finally here! I've decided to participate, so here's my contribution for the prompt "colors". Enjoy~

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><p>Colors

It was on a bright Saturday morning after volleyball practice when Hinata would make the most embarrassing mistake since that time he accidentally told his friends that he'd cried watching The Little Mermaid in middle school.

The situation was nothing out of the ordinary; following a practice that had gone well, Daichi had dismissed the team's members, who had gone to get changed. There had been some casual chatting, some joking around, and eventually the group got onto the subject of colors. Sugawara had smiled at Hinata while asking what his favorite one was.

"Blue," said Hinata, grinning back. Polite as ever, Sugawara had asked whether he preferred dark or light blue - an innocent question in itself, but one which Hinata now regrets not having just answered with a "both".

"Hmm, dark blue, kind of like..." He searched for an apt description of the color he was trying to describe.

"The ocean?" offered Sugawara. Hinata shook his head.

"No, not quite, more like-"

"An energy drink?" tried Tanaka. Again Hinata said no.

"Darker, kind of like-"

"The night sky?" quipped Tanaka, making exaggerated hand motions. At that point Kageyama stopped paying attention. Focusing instead on putting his things away into his bag and mentally running through his homework tasks for later that day, he was surprised to find the whole team staring at him when he looked back up.

"... What?" It wasn't necessarily his intention, but he sounded snappy nonetheless. From beside him, Hinata's eyes lit up.

"Yeah, just like Kageyama's eyes! That's my favorite color!" enthused Hinata without thinking. A moment of silence passed (during which Kageyama's eyes widened comically enough to make Tsukishima snicker into his hand) before Hinata actually realized what he had just said. The blush spread darkly over his face.

"I-I meant, I, um..." _It's almost cute when he stutters like that_, Kageyama wouldn't admit to catching himself thinking. Tanaka then proceeded to loudly (and awfully) sing "Can You Feel the Love Tonight" while prodding Hinata's shoulders. Hinata himself was almost too busy hiding his face in his hands to notice. Somewhere behind them, Sugawara said something about it being okay to like someone's eye color, which was ignored until he repeated it a little louder. At that point, Tsukishima couldn't hold in his laughter and - all too noticeably - made a vague attempt at hiding an exclamation of "gay" behind a cough. Yamaguchi laughed and was promptly told to shut up by none other than Tsukishima.

Later, when the rest of the team had left the changing room (most close to tears with laughter), Hinata sighed and tried to head outside when he felt a hand hold him back by the shoulder. Knowing instantly who it was, he dreaded what was to come next.

"Oi, dumbass Hinata." _Yup, that's him all right_, confirmed Hinata mentally. He gulped before responding.

"Y-yes?" Not being intimidated by the "King" proved harder than Hinata had hoped it would be.

"... Is what you said before really true?" Kageyama asked. Now, Hinata was even gladder than before about the fact that they weren't facing each other, otherwise his blush would've been hard to explain.

"Um, I guess." Embarrassed or not, he wasn't a liar, or a particularly witty person. _Better to just get it over with, _he decided.

"..." A moment passed. Another moment passed. Hinata internally panicked; was Kageyama going to hit him for that?

"Kage-?" His question was cut off before he got to ask it. Much to Hinata's (and perhaps also Kageyama's) surprise, the shorter male was pulled backwards into a hug. He didn't need to look up to know that Kageyama's blush now rivaled - if not outdid - his own.

"Stupid," he muttered, "why would you say something so embarrassing in front of everyone?"

"I don't really know," admitted Hinata. "It just sort of... Slipped out."

"Tsk." The additional "you dumbass" remained unspoken. That's when a thought struck Hinata.

"Hey, Kageyama?" he asked.

"What?"

"You know, you never mentioned your favorite color." If it was still possible at this point, Kageyama's blush intensified. He averted his gaze, apparently forgetting that he was still holding Hinata close to him.

"And I won't," he mumbled defiantly.

"But I already-"

"It's orange," blurted Kageyama, cutting Hinata off. It took a moment for Hinata to figure out what exactly was so embarrassing about that; when one of his similarly-colored locks of hair happened to fall in front of his eye, he got his answer.

"... Oh." Had you asked Hinata, he would probably have told you that they stood there like that for the better part of ten minutes. How true that estimate of time is, is debatable. However, when Hinata finally did alert Kageyama to the fact that his arms were still wrapped around Hinata's smaller frame, the dark-haired's face re-adopted its beet-red color from before. They sprang apart (reluctantly).

About two weeks later, after school had finished on a Friday, Kageyama nervously shuffled his way in the general direction of Hinata's locker. When he got there, the energetic redhead was already gone; Kageyama sighed in relief. Hesitantly, he opened the locker (Hinata could never seem to remember his lock's combination, so he usually left it off) and placed a small bag inside before hurrying off, embarrassed beyond all reasonable levels.

It just so happened that Hinata ended up leaving his math textbook in his locker that day, so before biking home, he ran back to his locker to retrieve it. On pulling the door aside, he immediately noticed the bag that definitely hadn't been there before. Tilting his head sideways inquisitively, he reached for it and pulled it out, opening it slowly in case this was some kind of prank. What was inside was anything but what he had been expecting.

An unusually happy light lit up in Hinata's eyes as he carefully took the plush bear out of the bag. It felt just as soft as it looked. The fur was a light brown, with a gentle pink color being used for its

paws' cushions. Around its neck, someone had tied a beautiful dark blue ribbon which perfectly matched the color of the ****shiny**** beads that were used for its eyes. Hinata stared at the cute toy for a moment before noticing the small piece of paper that was tucked into the ribbon. Wondering what the note would say, Hinata took it out and unfolded it with one hand, holding the bear with the other.

"Dumbass Hinata:"

You seem like the kind of person to appreciate this sort of thing.

- Kageyama"

Hinata positively sparkled at that point. Considering that it was his volleyball partner who had written the message (and Kageyama's handwriting was strangely fancy, Hinata noticed), that meant that it translated approximately into "I got you this because I care enough to know that you'll like it". And he did. The blue of the ribbon and the eyes was almost precisely the same as that of Kageyama's eyes.

The following Friday, Kageyama was flustered into silence when a similar toy - this time a rabbit - found its way into his locker. Attached was, sure enough, an orange ribbon, as well as a note. Kageyama blushed harder with every word he read.

"Kageyama!"

Thank you for the bear. I didn't want to embarrass you in front of the others, but here's your own. ... Sorry, I thought rabbits suited you better.

- Hinata"

PS it comes with a toy carrot :)"

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><p>Thank you for reading! All reviews are welcomed (except flames, of course). The next one will be up tomorrow~

End
file.